Juan Miera

In Our Heart Circle for Two

Ceci n'est pas une histoire
Ceci n'est pas un poème
Ceci n'est pas un film
C'est mes sentiments en ce moment

I speak my name into our circle: Juan

Juan, Juan, Juan

I feel nervous,
it is a rapid pulse and a jolt of adrenaline.

I feel insecure,
it sits in my chest like a mini black hole.

I feel moved,
it's a surge that travels my core leaving bits of reverence and gratitude and joy in its wake.

I feel hopeful,
my head seems lighter and there might be a song on the tip of my tongue.

Mostly I find my feelings in the love quadrant.

Tenderness is a softening,
I'm melting a little inside and my edges are getting less sharp on the outside.

Desire is hard to look in the face,
it's an averted gaze even though I really want to lock eyes,
it's flushed cheeks and a tingle on the back of my neck where I like to be touched.

Longing is a tightening in my throat
like I'm choking on a bit of loneliness.

Affection is a magnetic force that makes me want to lean in;
    it is skin that just felt a hug and wants to be part of another.

It's a faint smile and a gleam in my eye that I think—that I hope—
    you can see when you look at me.

Juan Miera *is a retired academic who continues to explore the intersections of language, queerness, and Latinidad through short film and creative writing. He remains active in professional circles with invited lectures on queer pedagogy and is currently working on a feature-length, grant-funded documentary on the ways in which queer people of color experience and embody masculinity.*